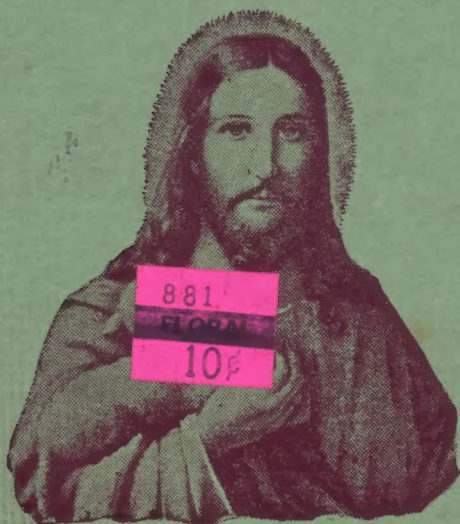


Feed My Lambs



CHOICE CHILDREN'S STORIES

Alice Hitchcock

Mrs. Carl J. Olson.

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FEED MY LAMBS

CHOICE SELECTION OF CHILDREN'S STORIES

BY

ALICE HITCHCOCK

The Children's Friend of the Sunday School of the Air

SIXTH EDITION

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Alice Hitchcock

INTRODUCTION

Greetings in Jesus' Name:

This book has been published in compliance with the many requests of listeners in Radio Land for the Children's Stories told in "The Sunday School of the Air". It goes forth with the prayer that it may be a blessing to young and old. May it be used in carrying out the Good Shepherd's command "Feed My Lambs."

There is little original in these stories. The writer wishes to take this opportunity of thanking those who have graciously granted permission to use the stories which have, in some instances, been reprinted as they appeared originally, and in some instances remoulded. All who have assisted in the editing of this book are hereby thanked, and acknowledgement is hereby made of indebtedness for the thoughts and illustrations gleaned from reading many books and hearing stories retold.

In all, God's be the glory,

I am, in His Service,

ALICE HITCHCOCK.

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THE GREAT DISASTER

Dear Boys and Girls:

You will find our text in Ezekiel 33, 5: "He heard the sound of the trumpet and took not warning."

Before any of you boys and girls were born there was a ship built in Great Britain. It was called the "Titanic" because it was the largest ship in the world. Many new things were put on her as she was built. The builders thought she could never be sunk. They called her a life boat. On April 10, 1912, she left Southampton on her first voyage. About 2,200 people were aboard.

On Sunday, at nine in the morning, a wireless message came from a steamer by the name of "Caronia". It told about other steamers reporting icebergs and where they saw them. After lunch another steamer, the "Californian", called the Titanic by wireless to tell her about three icebergs. The operator was figuring his accounts and did not bother to copy the message. Not long afterward the "Baltic" called to tell about the icebergs in the way. The operator took this and sent it to the Captain. He read it and gave it to one of the steamship company. Six hours later the Captain asked for the message to post on the bulletin board for the officers to read. In spite of these warnings no one on the Titanic paid any attention to them. Everybody aboard thought she was such a good ship that nothing could sink her. Why worry about a few icebergs? So the great ship kept going through those dangerous waters at a speed of twenty-two knots an hour. That is almost twenty-five miles an hour.

Not long before midnight the wireless operator on the Californian called the operator on the Titanic to tell him that they were surrounded by ice. The other time he had called, the Titanic's operator paid no attention to him. This time the Titanic's operator told him to keep quiet.

Not long after this, at 11.40, a lookout shouted, "Iceberg". Then the officer on the bridge signalled the engine room, to stop; then to go backward.

But it was too late! The ship had hit the iceberg. A great hole, over three hundred feet long, had been cut in the bottom of the ship.

Still, no one paid much attention to the accident. They all thought nothing could sink the Titanic. But gradually the sea came into the ship. It was not until 12.30, nearly an hour later that women and children were ordered to the boats. A wireless message for help had been sent and several ships started to the rescue. But people refused to believe the ship would sink! Boats were lowered half full. One boat, which could hold forty, took only twelve passengers. Rockets were sent up to attract the attention of any passing ship. After one o'clock more people got into the boats. At that time, over 1,500 people were left on the great ship. At 2.20 the Titanic was covered by the sea! Only 711 people were finally rescued.

This is a terrible lesson! Many messages had been sent to the ship, but "they took no warning". The result was the loss of the ship and the loss of nearly 1,500 lives.

The prophet Ezekiel said: "He heard the sound of the trumpet and took not warning."

Boys and girls, it matters not who you are, there are things in life you must watch. We need to heed the warnings in God's Word. We must give heed to the warnings given by God's Messengers, and to the voice of conscience. You may think you are as safe as those people in the Titanic thought they were. But if you pay no attention to warnings of danger, you also, will be wrecked. Remember the Titanic! Warnings may come, but a warning is no good unless it be heeded.

Dear Lord, help us to remember Thy Word says, "The soul that sinneth it shall die." May we heed Thy warning and come to Thee for forgiveness of sin and for safety.

For Jesus' Sake, Amen.

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THE WRONG END OF THE STRING

Dear Boys and Girls:

Matthew 5, 48: "Be ye therefore perfect even as your Father which is in Heaven is perfect," is our text.

"Oh, dear! I can never, never get it open."

"You have hold of the wrong end of the string, dear."

There was a moment's silence. Grandma Clark took up her knitting, and Reta bent lower over the dainty box, her fingers working nervously at the bow of pink ribbon. Suddenly, the missing end was drawn out from under the band, and the bow was soon untied.

"Oh, Oh, how lovely! Look, Grandma!" And a dainty cobwebby lace handkerchief was held up for the other's inspection.

"How lovely of Auntie Margaret to send it to me for my birthday! Her own work, too."

After they had both admired the pretty gift, Reta exclaimed: "How cross I was, Grandma, just because I couldn't get the parcel untied! What makes me always so impatient?"

"You get hold of the wrong end of the string, Reta."

Reta sat for a moment, looking thoughtfully out of the window, where the sunshine lay warm and bright. Then she turned her dark-brown eyes to the dear wrinkled face at the other side of the table.

"I don't understand, Grandma."

"You and brother Jack had—well, some cross words about his wearing his muddy rubbers in on the carpet last night."

"You know he was doing wrong, Grandma; for mother had forbidden it."

"It was thoughtless. But a gentle reminder would have proved a pull upon the right end of the string."

Reta's cheeks grew very red. She might have been hasty, but Jack was so trying!

"Then, there was your misunderstanding with Marjorie Brown. It was not of you whom she was speaking, but a third person thought it was, and repeated the words to you. Instead of waiting to learn the truth, you gave a pull to the wrong end of the string, and spoiled what had been a beautiful friendship."

Reta picked up her fancy work and began to take some hasty stitches.

"Yesterday there was another pull at the wrong end of the string—the hasty words when your dear mother gently spoke to you of your untidy room. You were sorry the next moment; you soon found the right end of the string, but not before the tears had come into your mother's eyes. Last week a storm forced you to give up a promised sleigh-ride. You were cross, and the twitch you gave the wrong end of the string slammed the door you were closing so violently that a dearly prized cut glass vase fell from a shelf and was broken."

It was only by a great effort that Reta refrained from then giving a hasty pull to the wrong end of the string. She conquered, though. A moment later she was kneeling by her Grandmother's chair and asking: "I know there's something, Grandma. Why do I always get hold of the wrong end of the string? I try; really I do."

"I know you try, dear," said Grandma sympathetically, "and trying is necessary but it isn't enough."

"I've tried and tried," said Reta hopelessly, "until I think there isn't any use trying any more."

"Well, Reta," said Grandma sweetly, "you are trying to be your own Saviour, to make yourself better by your own self-effort. But a leopard can't change its spots, and you can't change your disposition. Revelation 3:20 says, 'Behold

I stand at the door and knock, if any man hear my voice and open the door, I will come in.' Open your heart's door, Reta, and invite Jesus into your heart. He will take the crossness out, and change your disposition, if you talk often with Him in prayer."

"Oh, Grandma," said Reta anxiously, "do you suppose Jesus could make me better?"

"I'm sure of it, dear. The Bible says, 'Be ye perfect even as your Father which is in Heaven is perfect.' When you are tempted to get the wrong end of the string, ask yourself the question, 'What would Jesus do? How would He act?' Talk to Him in prayer, and you will be a different Reta."

There was a silence for a while, and then Reta said slowly, "I see, Grandma dear, I will give my heart to Jesus, I'll live for Him."

Boys and girls, do you ever get hold of the wrong end of the string? Why not take Grandma's advice and let Jesus control your life for you?

Dear Lord, help us to act as Jesus would act; to do what Jesus would do.

Amen.

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HOW MUCH OUGHT I TO GIVE?

*"Give as you would if an angel
Awaited your gift at the door;
Give as you would if tomorrow
Found you where giving was o'er.
Give as you would to the Master
If you met his loving look;
Give as you would of your substance
If his hand the offering took."*

—Selected

THE LITTLE FOX THAT SPOILS THE VINE

Dear Boys and Girls:

Our text is found in Songs of Solomon 2, 5: "The little foxes that spoil the vine."

One of the little foxes that can spoil the garden of your soul and cause, oh, so much trouble, is the little fox named, "I forgot."

It's a bad fox, girls and boys.

It makes your character ragged and slovenly. It wastes people's time. It holds up plans. It causes endless confusion.

Yet there is a place for a good forgetter; for it is right to forget your worries and to forget yourself; and to forget the disagreeable things people do to you; and to forget your mistakes, if you are sorry for them; and to forget that you fell down yesterday!

But it is very, very important to have a good memory for some things.

Max had a pair of bright blue eyes and a fine forehead. You would never have known, to look at him, that he had trouble remembering things. Yet it seems he would say, many times in the day, "I forgot," until his poor mother, who had three younger children to care for, was nearly worn out finding his school books, searching for his cap, or running down the path after him with his luncheon. He was always very sorry, would give her a loving kiss and say, "I forgot to hang my cap on the rack," and "I forgot to empty the ashes" (and so on), until one day Mother called him and said:

"Max, this has gone on long enough; it will not do to say. "I am sorry—I forgot!" you must learn to remember! I love you very dearly, but I am not going to continue to find things for you; you must learn to use your own memory."

He saw that Mother looked very grave but her behaviour the next day puzzled him much.

"Oh, Mother!" he called while he was dressing in the morning, "I forgot to bring you my new blue blouse to fix last night, the string is out." You forgot? Then I'm afraid you'll have to wear your old one," she answered. Then at breakfast, "May I have some cream in my oatmeal, Mother?" "You 'forgot' to go for the cream last night so you must do with milk this morning"; and, at the last minute with a glance at the clock, he exclaimed, "Oh, Mother, it's nearly nine o'clock! I'll get a bad mark for being late, please hurry and give me my lunch"; to which she only answered quietly, "You will recall my asking you to get a loaf at the shop last night?" "Oh, Mother, I forgot!" "Then never mind lunch today! You will be late if you wait for it." Off he went without his books and Mother said not a word of reminder.

Poor Max felt as if he had never known such a miserable day. It was too much, and in spite of his seven summers, down went the curly head on Mother's shoulder, and he shook with sobs as he said: "Oh, Mamma! all this day you have said, 'Forgot! Forgot! Forgot!' and it has been dreadfully tough on poor Max."

From that day, Mother seldom heard Max say, "I forgot"; he did not always remember, but he tried very hard. And it was not long until Mother was saying, "I am so glad to have Max around, he helps me in so many ways, because he scarcely ever forgets things!"

So, boys and girls, there are many stories that could be told about people forgetting.

A little girl forgot to post her Mother's letter, and it stopped the chance of a pleasant holiday for her grandmother, who was waiting for directions.

A little boy forgot to close the door of the nursery when he was told, and the baby nearly died of pneumonia.

A boy who is always forgetting will some day find himself grown up and his life like a large empty room. It is what

you remember that makes the furniture in your soul's living room. If you keep on forgetting, your soul will have bare walls, and bare floors, and all you will hear will be echoes.

Girls and boys, would you like me to tell you a secret that will help you remember? Give yourselves to Jesus and He will so fill your hearts with love for Him and love for others, that you will be thinking of ways to be helpful. Then, too, ask Jesus to help you remember, so that you will be a blessing to others.

Dear Lord, forgive our sins, help us to overcome our faults. Take all selfishness from our hearts that they may be filled, instead, with Thy love.

For Jesus' Sake, Amen.

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TODAY I'VE LEANED ON JESUS' BREAST

*Today I've leaned on Jesus' breast,
And with the leaning, went life's toil,
Life's care, its bitterness, its strain,
So now my garden heart has soil,
Prepared for grace,
And His dear face.*

*Today I've leaned on Jesus' breast,
And with the leaning came a rest,
A tender sweetness like a song,
Uplifted to the sky by breast,
And throat of bird,
Distinctly heard.*

*Tomorrow let me not forget today—
The day I've leaned on Jesus' breast,
And heard His precious message;
That Christ can give His people rest
Oh, blessed rest,
On Jesus' breast!*

—Mary Frances Short

BLIND TOMMY

Dear Boys and Girls:

Our text is Matthew 23, 11: "But he that is greatest among you shall be your servant."

This story is rather sad. It is about a little boy, whose name was Tommy, and he was blind! From his appearance no one would ever have guessed that Tommy was blind. His eyes were as bright and clear as any boy's could be. He could hit a mark or strike a nail better than any one of his playmates could. His mother was the one who could tell you most about his blindness, which some folks thought did not amount to anything. It was quite a serious matter to her.

There was something very strange about it. Tommy seemed to see a piece of pie right through the pantry door, or a slice of cake that was in the tin box shut up in a dark closet. He could see the boys playing ball fully a mile away,—and he could see his special chum, Charlie Banks, with a fishing rod over his shoulder, almost before he turned the corner of the street. Yet he never could see the ash pan, set out doors for him to empty, though he stumbled over it half a dozen times a day. As for the coal scuttle, which Tommy was supposed to keep filled for mother—(and every boy knows that a mother, with a good, stout boy of her own ought never to carry a pail of coal)—Tommy never seemed to see it as it stood by the cellar stairs. There were some other things that Tommy could not see. The garden paths might be green with straying grass, or the flower beds with weeds, the lawn might sadly need shearing, but blind Tommy would go whistling away, and presently his voice would be heard, shouting and laughing in busy play with other children.

Strange as it may seem, Tommy had a sister who was afflicted with this same peculiar blindness. Joan never could

see the table full of dirty dishes, or the unmade beds, or the dust on the furniture, or the floor when it needed scrubbing. Yet she always seemed to be able to see her story-book, and her skipping rope.

Queer about this convenient blindness was it not? Do you suppose any doctor could cure it with some pills and powders, or with a pair of spectacles? I'm afraid not!

Boys and girls, is there anyone in your family troubled with this same kind of blindness? I'm sure Mother would be so glad to find a cure for it.

Perhaps, on New Year's day, you made a New Year's resolution to overcome this habit of blindness. The best way is to invite Jesus into your hearts. Let Jesus have first place in your lives. He will open your eyes, so that you can see the many, many ways in which you can help others. Jesus told His disciples, "And whosoever of you will be chiefest, shall be servant of all." And so Jesus lived Himself—and He would have each one of us know that to be truly great, one must be willing and ready to serve. Let each one of us follow Jesus closely in a life of Shining Service.

Dear Lord, open our eyes that we may see opportunities for helping others.

In Jesus' Name, Amen.

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A BAD NIGHT

Dear Boys and Girls:

The text for our story is Acts 24, 16: "Have always a conscience void of offence toward God, and toward men."

Robert was not on speaking terms with his chum Danny. All because Danny had made a good mark in his arithmetic test, and Robert had failed. Then, to make matters worse, Danny was chosen Captain of the baseball team, while Robert was left to play out in the field. Not only that,—everyone was always praising Danny and talking about "What a fine manly little chap Danny is!" until Robert, who was not very popular with his playmates, felt he could stand it no longer.

At noon-hour, when the pupils were all outside, playing and the teacher was away for lunch, Robert slipped into the room and taking the teacher's fountain pen from her desk, hid it amongst Danny's books. He would show Danny who was "the finest little chap in the village." The cowardly trick completed, Robert, with an innocent air, joined the other children in their play.

The bell rang, and the pupils took their places ready for the afternoon's work. There was a stern look on the teacher's face,—her highly prized fountain pen was missing. The pupils were asked who had been in the room at noon.

"Danny went in for a drink and he was gone quite a while," volunteered Robert.

Surely Danny was not the one who had taken the fountain pen! All the pupils were requested to put their books and other belongings on top of their desks. Imagine the look of bewilderment on Danny's face when the fountain pen fell out from among his books. It was hard for the teacher to believe Danny would do such a thing. There was nothing for

it but to keep him after school und plan to punish him. Robert found it hard to study that afternoon. His eyes seemed to travel from his book to Danny's head which was buried in his arms on his desk. He did not enjoy himself at recess, either, when the other boys and girls stood in groups, whispering about Danny, behind his back.

That night when Robert went to bed he did not feel very sleepy. He twisted this way and he turned that way. Just as he was beginning to feel drowsy—deliciously drowsy—a little old man suddenly appeared, perched up on the foot of the bed.

"Who are you?" wondered Robert. "And how did you get into my room?"

"My name is 'Mr. C.'," replied the little old man. "I am in the habit of showing up when people want least to see me."

Before Robert could prevent him, little old Mr. C. had crept into his bed. "I say," said the little fellow, "do you suppose Danny is feeling very happy tonight?"

"What concern is that of yours?" growled Robert.

"I came here on purpose to make it my concern," replied Mr. C. Then, after a moment very quiet:—"I say, do you like boys who are jealous of other people,—and do mean things,—and try to get their best friends into trouble?"

Oh, don't bother me!" cried Robert.

For a time there was silence, Robert was just dozing off when he felt a sharp kick in his back,—“Don't you think you ought to tell the teacher you put the fountain pen into Danny's desk?"

Robert did not answer. He blinked a bit, and hoped the little old man would soon grow weary and leave him.

But Robert did not know Mr. C. very well. Just as he closed his eyes again, Robert felt a dig in his ribs,—“God saw what you did this afternoon. Don't you think you had better tell Danny you are sorry and you wish to take the punishment in his place?"

Robert awakened with a start! Mother was shaking him and asking him what was wrong and why he was shouting. Poor Robert sobbed out the story of his jealousy and the trouble it had caused. Then, he told her his strange dream.

Mother told him he would do well to obey old Mr. Conscience, and do all he could to undo the wrong he had done. Then they knelt down beside the bed together and Robert asked Jesus to forgive the wrong he had done, and to come into his heart and help him to overcome all jealousy and envy.

It was a brave, serious little lad that confessed his sin to the teacher next day. Peace and happiness once more reigned in Robert's heart and amongst all the pupils. Robert and Danny soon became known as "two of the finest little chaps in the village."

Dear Lord, dwell in our hearts and cleanse away the evil. Help us always to obey our conscience which is really Thy voice speaking to us.

In Jesus' Name, Amen.

A.H.

MY SHEPHERD

*The Lord, who is my shepherd
Says that I'm His sheep—
He'll guard my way.
In paths of righteousness I'm led,
Beside still waters I am fed,
Within green pastures in my bed,
He is my stay.*

—Elisabeth Silverbrand.

YOU MAY HAVE THE BONE

Dear Boys and Girls:

Our text is in Romans 12, 18: "If it be possible, as much as lieth in you, live peaceably with all men."

One morning, very early, Mr. Fox left his home on the hillside and went out to look for some breakfast. He didn't have much success, the dogs were all up early and it was impossible to get even a chicken. As he was returning home, hungry and discouraged, he heard a great noise over on the other side of the valley, where the popular Mr. Reynard and his family lived. So, he thought to himself, "I'll just run over to see what is causing all the excitement!"

Reaching their home he rapped at the door rather timidly and a loud voice snapped, "come in." Mr. Fox jumped and backed away; he wasn't expecting a greeting of that kind. Then Mr. Reynard opened the door and said, "Well, why don't you come on in? Why are you standing out there looking so scared?"

On going in, Mr. Fox saw the house was full of dust and feathers. The furniture was all upset, and the little foxes were all huddled together in a corner. Of course Mr. Fox wanted to know of Mr. Reynard what they had been doing.

"Oh, we're just having a family quarrel," said Mr. Reynard.

"Oh, said Mr. Fox. "We never have much fun at our house. How do you start it?"

"I went out hunting this morning," replied Mr. Reynard, "and when I came home with this chicken my wife thought she should have it."

Just then Mrs. Reynard jumped at Mr. Reynard and snarled, "You give me that chicken. Do you think I'm going

to stay home and mind the kids all day while you run around and have a good time?"

Mr. Reynard snapped back at her, "Do you think I'm going to risk my life getting chickens for you? You can go out and get your own chickens!"

The little Reynards were yelping, "Ma, if you get it, will you give me a piece?" and, "Pa, if you get it, will you give me a piece?"

"Well, well," said our friend, Mr. Fox, "you seem to be having lots of excitement! Mrs. Fox and I have lived together for years and we've never had a quarrel."

"All you need to do," said Mr. Reynard generously, "is take one of these good chicken bones home with you, and it won't be hard to have a quarrel."

So Mr. Fox picked up a chicken bone and trotted away to his home on the hillside. Reaching home, he put the bone down on the floor and Mrs. Fox came up and smelled of it.

"You keep away from that," snarled Mr. Fox, "that's my bone. Do you think I'm going to risk my life getting bones for you?"

"Why Mr. Fox, whatever is the matter with you? I never heard you speak like that before," said Mrs. Fox, looking at her husband in wide-eyed wonderment. What had happened to Mr. Fox? Where had he been? In very, very rude company, she was sure!

"That's not the way to have a quarrel like the Reynards do, you've got to stick to the bone," said Mr. Fox in disgust. "Here take it!"

"Oho, he's been to visit the Reynards," thought Mrs. Fox, as she started to chew at the bone. Mr. Fox jumped and snarled at her, "that's my bone, you can go out and get bones for yourself."

"All right," said Mrs. Fox sweetly, "you may have the bone if you want it." Mrs. Fox had no desire to be like the quarrelsome Mrs. Reynard.

Mr. Fox, in spite of his determination to experience a family quarrel, finally gave up in despair. There just wasn't any use trying all by himself to have a family quarrel, for Mrs. Fox wouldn't stick to the bone." She would not spoil the peace and happiness in her home!

Boys and girls, I wonder how many of you ever had a quarrel? You all know when you have a quarrel you have to "stick to the bone," or to the baseball bat, or to the best chair, or to whatever your selfishness prompts you to grab. I wonder why people quarrel? It never makes anyone happy, but causes heart-ache instead. Sometimes on New Year's Day and on our birthday and other special occasions, we make resolutions to not quarrel any more; and then, almost before we know it, we've had another quarrel with brother or sister, or, perhaps, even said unkind and disrespectful things to mother. It does seem hard to be good, doesn't it? That is because Satan is always trying to get us to serve him.

Satan is the "robber chief" who is trying to rob us of all that is good. The best way is to let Jesus run our lives for us. If we have Jesus in our hearts He helps us to overcome the selfishness and quarrelsomeness.

Dear Lord, we are not able to be good in our own strength. We want you to change us and dwell in our hearts, taking away the desire to quarrel.

In Jesus' Name we pray, Amen.

A.H.

WATCH

Dear Boys and Girls:

The text is found in II Timothy 4, 5: "But watch thou in all things."

Once upon a time a lady in Madagascar had a little crocodile given to her. Such a little thing it was, and she kept it at the bottom of her garden on the bank of the river. Then, having to go away for a few months, on business, she left her baby crocodile and thought no more about it!

Presently news came that the village had been attacked by a terrible enemy, a large crocodile, which had already done great damage. She found it was her little friend, whom she had thought quite harmless. She did not know, until then, that crocodiles grow very fast.

Boys and girls, so do thoughts! Nothing is swifter than thought, and it grows very quickly, too. Watch your thoughts, for it is in a tiny thought that trouble usually begins. It was because Jesus knew how silently and swiftly wrong thoughts and feelings can grow in the heart, that He said. "Watch."

Probably you have all heard of the old familiar story of the "Camel's Nose." An Arab was busily working in his tent and on glancing up was surprised to see the fold of the tent door open and a camel's nose come in.

"Go out of here!" commanded the Arab.

But the camel did not move. "It is so cold outside," he pleaded, "I thought you wouldn't mind if I were to just put my nose in where it is warm."

"Well," said the Arab, "do not come any farther."

In a few minutes the Arab looked up at the door of the tent, and there was the camel with his head and neck inside of the tent. "I thought I told you to come no farther," shouted the Arab.

"Since you allowed me to put my nose into the tent, I thought you would not mind if I were to warm my head and neck too," said the camel.

"See to it that you come no farther," replied the Arab.

In a short time the camel had both his front feet in, also. "Get out of here!" shouted the Arab. But the camel, who was already half-way in, calmly walked into the tent and drove the Arab from his own home.

I think, boys and girls, you know now what it means when people say, "Beware of the camel's nose!" There is only one way to keep the camel out, and that is to let not even its nose in; and there is only one way to keep evil out of our thoughts and minds and hearts and that is not to allow it to have the least entrance. Jesus is able to give instant victory.

You know, Jesus wants His followers to be on the lookout for times to do good, as well as for times to avoid evil.

There was once a king who believed that his people were becoming very selfish and careless of one another's needs. He thought, therefore, that he would test them. So in the dead of night he caused a huge stone to be placed right in the middle of the main road of his capital town. The road was not very wide even when clear, and the great stone was in everybody's way.

There it stood for a whole week, and no one was thoughtful enough of others to remove it. One by one, as they came to it, they went to all kinds of trouble to get around it; but there it was, a nuisance to all. At the end of the week the king said that on a certain day, he would come and with his own hand remove the big stone. Wishing to teach them a lesson, he then forbade any one to touch it, on pain of death.

The people were filled with curiosity, especially at the idea of the king removing the stone himself. "How strong he must be!" they said.

The great day came, and all the city turned out to watch. The king got down from his carriage, went up to the huge stone, took hold of it with one hand, and lifted it easily above his head! Then, everyone saw that the "stone" was hollow; a child, almost, could have moved it. How foolish and ashamed the people felt!

Then, presently, the king drew out from the hollow of the stone, a little bag, and poured out its contents—there before the people fell a glittering shower of jewels!

"These," he said, "might have been the rich reward of the citizen thoughtful enough of the interests of all, to have removed this stone; but now the jewels are the king's again. "Oh, my people, cast out selfishness from your hearts, and in love serve one another!"

Boys and girls, can you stand the test of the King of Kings? Let us be watchful to do good as well as to avoid sin.

Our loving Heavenly Father, help each one of us to watch and pray. May we not be overcome with evil, but overcome evil with good.

For Jesus' Sake, Amen.

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GOD'S BENEFITS

*Today I tried to name them o'er—
My blessings from His hand:
But who can count the raindrops, or
The grains of ocean sand?
Vain as to scan the starry sky
And list the wonders there,
As estimate His love, or try
To comprehend His care.*

—Mary K. Phelps

A MURDEROUS CAPTIVE

Dear Boys and Girls:

Our text is found in Romans 6, 23: "For the wages of sin is death; but the gift of God is Eternal Life through Jesus Christ our Lord."

Jack Philips, returning from the inspection of his traps at the edge of the forest, watched a hawk settle on the limb of a tree. Resolving to rid the world of one great murderer, Jack raised his rifle, sighted carefully, and fired. As the report of the rifle rang out on the frosty air, the hawk toppled from the limb and dropped into the snow below. Jack hastened to the foot of the tree, fully expecting to find the hawk dead. Examination revealed the fact that the bird was alive, the bullet having only stunned it. Jack first thought he would kill the bird, but finally he decided to keep it alive, that is, if it should recover. Tying its legs together to protect him from the knife-like talons, he tucked the bird under his arm, keeping one hand about its throat. He had no desire to have that hooked bill ripping his flesh.

Arriving home he placed the hawk in the barn, fastening the end of a small chain around one of its legs, the other end being fastened to the side of the barn.

In this spacious barn Jack also had a small hen roost, some rabbits, a raccoon and a few doves. They were all tame, and a tame hawk would add one to the collection. Jack tried every plan he knew, but failed to tame the hawk. He had to toss its food to it. Under cover of darkness he would place water where the hawk could reach it.

"If I were you," Jack's father suggested, "I would kill that bird. He isn't the kind to harbor as a pet. Your other pets would be safer with a dead hawk than a living one!"

But Jack was quite a boy for birds and animals, and insisted that, chained as he was, the hawk was not dangerous.

One afternoon a great commotion in the barn caused Jack to hasten there with all speed. Looking through a window, he saw the hawk flying about the barn in swift pursuit of a dove. Somehow it had slipped the chain from its leg and was free. Hastening to the house, Jack seized the rifle and ran to the barn. The hawk had caught the dove, carried it up to a beam and was ripping it to pieces. Sighting his rifle through a broken window, Jack fired. The hawk released its hold on the dove, slowly relaxed its position on the beam and fluttered weakly to the floor. Another well directed shot ended its life. Jack entered the barn to find out how much damage had been done. He discovered the hawk had lived up to its natural instinct to kill. Six hens were dead and several rabbits and doves were scattered about, torn and bleeding from the ruthless work of the murderous bird. The murderer was dead, but his deadly destructive work could not be undone. Jack bitterly regretted that he had brought the hawk home, and firmly resolved that it would never occur again. To him, from that day, the best hawk was a dead one.

Boys and girls, sometimes sin seems like a small thing. We think it possible to take it into our lives and keep it chained. But sooner or later the sin breaks loose like the hawk, and becomes master, doing its deadly destructive work. "The wages of sin is death." Then things that are pure, lovely, good and beautiful will be slaughtered. Dear little friends, don't let Satan fool you into thinking you can chain sin and keep it chained. There is only one remedy for sin in our lives. It must be mastered and only Jesus can do it. Let Him into your heart and sin will be driven out and defeated.

Dear Lord, may we all realize the terribleness of sin, and how easily it can master us and destroy our souls. Come into our hearts and abide, for Thou alone canst make us able to overcome.

In Jesus' Name, Amen.

BUY YOUR OWN CHERRIES

Dear Boys and Girls:

The text for our story is Matt. 25, 9: "Go, and buy for yourselves."

Tom Jackson had a bag of cherries, and he was eating them with evident delight. His playmates were wistfully watching the disappearing cherries, and envying Tom his juicy enjoyment. Jim Young was the first to speak, and he urged Tom to share the cherries. But Tom was not giving any away! "Buy your own cherries," he said.

Just to tease him, David Peterson said that Tom might at least give them each a loan of one cherry! But Tom went on eating. "Buy your own cherries," he growled. So he finished the cherries, every one!

But in spite of Tom's mean and selfish spirit he said a wise thing that day. Too many of us are fond of eating other people's cherries.

When you let some one else run the errands that you should run, do the work that you should do, solve the school problems that you should solve, you are eating other people's cherries.

There was once a flower show being held. All the gardeners in the town were preparing fruit and flowers and other things for the exhibition. Everyone hoped to gain a prize. One gardener had a boy assisting him, and as a reward for the boy's diligent work, the gardener gave him a gorgeous geranium and told him to put it into the Show as his own exhibit.

The boy took the plant home and showed it with pride to his mother. But his mother said to him, "You cannot put

that into the Show as your own plant, the result of your own care and attention! Everybody would know that you could not grow a flower like that in a place like this!" He was very sad and disappointed.

And then his mother talked to him about the wild flowers out in the wood, the flowers of the poor; flowers that God had scattered over the land for the poor people to enjoy. She proposed to him that he should go and gather a cluster of those flowers and put them into the Show as "Wild Flowers of the Wood." So he went and gathered from morning until night. His mother and he spent the evening setting them up in the form of a pyramid of blossoms. The result was a thing of wonder. It created a sensation and easily won the first prize at the Show.

He had learned a great lesson. He had learned to do his own work, and that was far better than pretending that some other person's work was his. Always do your own best,—
"Buy your own cherries."

You know the story in the Bible of the ten young bridesmaids who went out with lighted lamps to the bridal procession. As the night grew late the oil began to fail and the lamps flickered low. But five of the maids had taken care to bring an extra supply, and they were able to keep their lamps alight. The other five who had made no such provision asked for a share of the extra oil, but they were refused. "Go, and buy for yourselves," said the others.

"Buy your own oil," said the wise virgins. "Buy your own cherries," urged Tom Jackson. Do your own work. Think with your own mind. Learn your own lessons. Provide your own supplies. Don't leave it to other people to do for you what you ought to do for yourself.

Boys and girls, most of all you must not depend on some one else's religion. It is only your own relationship to Christ that counts. You will never get to Heaven because your mother or some one else in your family is a Christian. You, yourself, must be born again.

Dear Lord, help us to be like the five wise virgins, May we look ahead and not depend too much on other people, but rather do our part and depend on Thee.

For Jesus' Sake, Amen.

Taken from 'A Number of Things'—by Rev. John MacBeath, M.A., D.D.

RAINBOW DAYS

*Monday is a white day,
Fresh and pure as snow;
A new beginning for the week;
I try to keep it so.*

*Tuesday is a red day,
Rich as any rose,
Full of loving promises,
From sunrise to its close.*

*Wednesday is a blue day,
Like a summer sky;
I try to think of happy things,
And make the clouds pass by.*

*Thursday is a green day,
Full of hope and cheer,
Like the friendly ivy leaves,
Growing all the year.*

*Friday is a violet day,
When, with love unseen,
All the little fragrant deeds
Flower along the green.*

*Saturday is an orange day,
Like a sunset sky;
Telling us the week has gone
With its smile or sigh.*

*Sunday is a golden day
In the old time blest;
And its light of love and joy
Gives us peace and rest.*

--Author Unknown.

TRAPPED

Dear Boys and Girls:

The text for this story is John 8,36: "If the Son therefore shall make you free, you shall be free indeed."

Bob came tumbling down the steep hillside in his hurry and nearly fell into the arms of a young man. "Oh, Sir," he gulped, "there's a dog caught in a trap!"

Mr. Miller was spending his holidays among the hills and had come out for a walk. "Where?" he asked, looking round him.

Bob was still almost too much out of breath to talk sense, but Mr. Miller gathered that 'over there,' was up the hill, so he started to climb, Bob leading the way through the brush. It took half an hour to reach the poor dog. Long before they reached it, however, Mr. Miller could hear its piteous cries.

"He's been crying like that since morning," said Bob, a sob catching his throat.

"Is he your dog?" asked the man, but the boy shook his head. "Why did you not take him out of the trap yourself?" went on Mr. Miller. Bob looked at him and murmured: "I dare not!"

The next moment they came in sight of a beautiful collie dog, his foot securely caught in a steel trap, and bleeding freely. He whined, and howled and yelled by turns. Mr. Miller hurried forward. He had never seen a dog caught in a trap before, and naturally supposed the animal would be glad of a friendly hand to release it.

But no sooner had he put out his hand to unfasten the trap than the dog flew at it and bit it. However, he had not come all that way for nothing, and after a time he managed to cut the strap which held the trap. Immediately, the dog

flew at him, and bit him on the arm, but as the trap was still fixed to its foot, it fell down over the rocks, and lay there howling. "Poor fellow! he is maddened by the pain," remarked Mr. Miller sympathetically. "Let us go and search for his master."

After a long search, the master of the dog, a shepherd, was found, and brought to where the dog was still trying to free itself from the trap. It was touching to see how gladly the dog allowed the shepherd to open the trap, bathe the wounded paw in a stream, which bubbled down the hill side, and then bind it up.

When this was done, the three turned to go home, the dog limping along beside them, and seeming now quite grateful, even to Mr. Miller, whom he had bitten so short a time before. When their ways parted, Mr. Miller and Bob found that they both came from the same village, so their homeward path lay in the same direction. After talking for a time Mr. Miller said: "Do you know, Bob, we are all caught in a trap!"

Bob looked up in surprise. "Yes," went on Mr. Miller, "and the trap in which we are caught is the trap of our sins—it is the devil's trap! And we are so vexed and bothered by our sins and shortcomings that we hate those who speak to us of how we might be delivered, and who would set us free! But there is One, oh, so gentle, and wise, and loving, and if we will only let Him, He will set us free from the trap, healing our wounds and filling us with joy. The dog allowed his master to touch and free and tend him. If we are willing to allow the tenderest hands to touch our wounds, the hands of the Lord Jesus Christ, He will free us from the devil's trap of sin. Would you like Him to set you free, Bob?"

Bob looked up at Mr. Miller. "Yes, sir," he replied, "but how?"

"Well," replied Mr. Miller, "without the Shepherd of us all—the Lord Jesus Christ—there is no escape from the trap in which we are all caught. We must die because of our

sins, for God's Law is: 'The soul that sinneth it shall die.' (Ezekiel 18:4). But the Shepherd can set us free from Eternal death, because He died instead of us. Now we must come to Him, and ask Him to set us free by washing away our sins in His precious Blood. And then we must bring to Him, those whom we know who are still caught in the devil's trap, and held fast there. Will you ask the Lord Jesus, the Good Shepherd, to set you free, *now*, Bob?"

"Yes, I'd like to," said Bob simply. So there, amid the grass and trees the two knelt down, and Bob asked the Lord Jesus to set him free from the devil's trap by washing away his sins.

"If the Son therefore shall make you free you shall be free indeed," quoted Mr. Miller, as they rose to their feet again, and started on their way. Bob looked up with a happy smile and nodded his head. In his heart he knew that the Good Shepherd had set him free.

Boys and girls, has Jesus set you free? If not, wouldn't you like to kneel down, as Bob did, and come to the Lord Jesus, asking Him to forgive your sins?

Dear Lord, forgive our sins and set us free from the devil's trap. Help us to live to please Thee.

For Jesus' Sake, Amen.

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THE BEGGAR'S MISTAKE

Dear Boys and Girls:

The text for our story is found in II Corinthians 3, 18: "But we all, with open face beholding as in a glass the glory of the Lord, are changed into the same image from glory to glory, even as by the Spirit of the Lord."

Away over in China there lived a poor, miserable beggar. He was unable to find work to do that he might earn his own living; so there was nothing left for him to do but to beg. All day long, in all sorts of weather, he would sit by the road side crying out for help to those who passed by. At night he would return, weary and discouraged, to his home, a cave in the side of a hill.

Things had not been going well. The poor fellow received, each day, only a few small grains of wheat or rice, and sometimes a crust of bread or a few coins. However, one day the beggar heard some news that made him very, very happy. The King was to pass by on the road at which he sat begging. No doubt, the King would give him a wonderful gift. Oh, he could hardly wait!

The beggar made haste to prepare for the arrival of the King. He went to the medicineman and got some plasters for sores. With a forelorn expression on his face, he sat at his usual place, to await the arrival of the King.

The King, upon seeing the beggar said, "Well, my good man, what have you for your King today?"

How surprised the beggar was to hear these words! He was the one who hoped to receive the gift, but instead, the King was asking for a gift from him. He began to whine. "Times have been so hard. I haven't even enough to eat. I'm thin and hungry. Just look at all my sores. I haven't

a thing to give away." Truly the beggar was a pitiful sight as he sat there huddled on the ground by the roadside. The King, of course, never suspected that the big, red, bloody-looking sores were plasters the beggar had gotten for the occasion.

The King only said, "What have you for the King today?"

The disappointed beggar reached down into his pouch and brought out the smallest thing he could find. What do you suppose it was? It was a grain of wheat. The King thanked the beggar and passed on his way.

That night when the beggar reached his home in the hillside, he poured his day's collection onto the ground. There were several crusts of bread, a few grains of wheat, a small handful of rice and a few coins. But what was that which shone so brightly? It was just the size of a grain of wheat! It was a grain of wheat! The grain of wheat he had given the King had been returned to him changed into a grain of pure gold. How sorry the beggar was that he had not given the King everything he had in his pouch. He would then have had a pouch full of gold. But it was too late.

Boys and girls, this story is a parable. Jesus is our King. If we give Him only a tiny bit of ourselves and our lives. He will not be able to do very much for us. If we give Him all we have, and all we are, He will be able to do much for us. And our lives will be changed into that which is more precious than gold.

Dear Lord, we pray that Thou wilt help us come to Thee, so that Thou wilt be able to transform our lives.

For Jesus' Sake, Amen.

A.H.

THE MASTER MUSICIAN

Dear Boys and Girls:

Our text is Romans 8, 16: "We are the children of God."

Many years ago there lived a man named Wendell Philips. He was one of the men who did much to help free the slaves in the United States. When he was fourteen years of age he went to church as was his custom. But this Sunday Rev. Dr. Lyman Beecher was preaching. At one point in his sermon Dr. Beecher said, "You belong to God." Young Wendell Philips thought Dr. Beecher looked straight at him when he said that. The boy could think of nothing else except those words. After the church service he went home. Now, what do you suppose he did? He went upstairs to his room and knelt down to pray. He could not get those words out of his mind—"You belong to God." So he ~~said~~^{said}, "Oh, God, I belong to Thee; take what is Thine own." From that time on, Wendell Philips lived to please God. That is one of the reasons he worked so hard to stop slavery.

There is a lovely story told about a violin. Now a violin is a musical instrument. Those who try to play it, yet do not know how, produce terrible noises. Those who can play it well produce music whose beauty is perhaps the greatest in the world. So, to be really valuable, a violin must be in the hands of some one who knows how to play it.

It is not so many years ago that a wealthy Englishman bought a rare violin. He took great pride in this purchase and put it away among his treasures. A certain great violinist wanted it, but the owner would not sell it. Finally, the violinist asked if he might play the instrument, just once. The owner gave his consent. The violinist tuned the violin and began to play. He played that violin like the master

musician he was. He lost himself in the music. When he had finished he tenderly put the instrument away. The Englishman had been spellbound by the Master's playing. He watched him put the violin away. Then he went over, took up the violin, handed it to the Master and said, "Take the violin. It is yours. I have no right to keep it, It ought to belong to the man who can play it as you do." That was a fine thing to do, was it not?

Friends
~~Boys and girls~~, every one of us belongs to God. God has created us. Jesus died to save us from sin.

Once upon a time an auctioneer was selling an old violin. On asking for a bid the response was, "One dollar," then, "Two dollars," then, "Three dollars." It was going ^{for} ~~for~~ three dollars. But an old, gray-haired man came forward, wiped the dust from the old violin, tightened up the strings, picked up the bow, and played a beautiful melody.

Again the violin was held up for sale. This time the bids were, "One thousand dollars," then, "Two thousand dollars," then, "Three thousand dollars." The auctioneer sold it for three thousand dollars, instead of for three dollars. What made the difference? It was the touch of the Master Musician which had changed its value.

Even so, Jesus is the Master Musician who knows all about us and who can draw from us the best and noblest. He can play on our hearts and souls and bring forth the finest melodies of life.

Dear Lord, we belong to Thee, take what is Thine own. Help us live to please Thee.

For Jesus' Sake, Amen.

THE KING'S CASTLE

Dear Boys and Girls:

The text for our story is Galatians 5, 22—23: "But the fruit of the Spirit is love, joy, peace, longsuffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance."

Once upon a time there lived a boy called Will, who was chosen by the King to care for his castle and his garden. The King gave Will the key of the only door in the high wall which surrounded the castle and garden. Then he went away and left Will in charge.

For a time, Will was very happy. One day as he was working in the garden, he was surprised to see a man's head suddenly appear over the top of the wall. It was a very ugly face which looked down at him, but as Will was feeling lonely he stopped to talk to the ugly man. After this the man often came to talk to Will. Will began to spend so much time talking to the man, that the garden began to suffer, and when Will mentioned it to the man, he kindly offered to come and help look after it, if only Will would open the door, and let him come inside. Day after day the man made the same suggestion. One day Will decided to open the door just for a minute, so that the man might look into the garden. But no sooner had he opened the door, than the man slipped in, and Will could not persuade him to leave.

There was nothing else for Will to do but to shut the door, and lock it up again. However, the man started to work in the garden and worked so hard that there was no need for Will to work at all. Then, one day, the man came to Will and said that some of the fruit trees were rather old, and if he might cut them down he would plant nice new ones of his own in their place. At first Will felt sure the King

would not like it, but at last he consented. And the man cut down nearly all of the Master's fruit trees, and put in new ones, which grew very quickly.

The new fruit which grew on the trees that the man had planted looked very nice from a distance, but often left a bitter taste when eaten. Besides this, Will did not find it satisfying, so that he was always hungry for more and more. In consequence he was always eating, so he grew very fat and began to get ugly in the face,—in fact, he began to look very like the man who had planted the trees. The trees which now grew in the garden of the Castle bore Hate Apples, and Grapes of Lies, Selfishness Plums, and Pears of Pride, Crab-apples of Gossip, Berries of Jealousy, and of Ingratitude, besides many other such horrid fruits; so you can just imagine how ugly Will must have looked!

Will finally decided, after seeing his sinful face in a mirror, that he would eat no more fruit. But, Will did not realize how great was the craving he had for the terrible fruit. How awful was the struggle and it usually ended by Will greedily eating fruit as before.

One morning as Will was walking unhappily up and down the garden paths, he heard a gentle knocking at the door. Where was the Key for the door? At last he found it in the attic of the Castle, covered with dust and rust. Seizing it in his hand, he ran down the stairs, and out into the garden. The man was at the door, too, and he did his best to persuade Will to leave the door closed. But Will was not satisfied with the life he had been living. He was finished with it! Fitting the key into the lock, he threw the door open. There stood the Savior,—a crown of thorns on His head and nail prints in His hands and feet. When Will saw that tender, loving, glorious face, he fell upon his knees, begging the Savior to come in quickly. As the Savior came in, the ugly man slunk through the gate and disappeared.

The Savior planted beautiful trees in the place of the evil ones which had been wrecking Will's life. As Will ate of

those new fruits, love, joy, peace, goodness, gentleness, and the like, his face changed until it became more and more like the face of the Saviour.

Oh boys and girls, do you understand this story of Will? The Saviour, of course, is the Lord Jesus Christ, and Will is the name of some one who lives in the Castle of your body, which by rights belongs to Jesus Christ. The one who planted all those horrid trees in Will's garden is Satan, and he will plant them in your garden, too, if you let him. The mirror which showed Will his sinfulness is the Bible. The key which opened the gate is the Key of Prayer, and you may use that wonderful Key today, and ask the Lord Jesus to come in and save you as He saved Will in our story. He will destroy Satan's horrid fruit trees, and plant His own beautiful fruit trees in your garden if you will let Him.

Will you, just now, close your eyes and open your heart to Him, saying, "Lord Jesus; forgive my sins. Create in me a clean heart and enable me to bear the fruits of Thy Spirit —Love, Joy, Peace —

For Jesus' Sake, Amen."

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KINDNESS

Kindness is infectious!

I'm sure I know,

I've often watched it spreading

I've seen it grow.

I've seen all kinds of people

Do the kindest things

And I've seen others imitate—

Kindness flies on wings!

And kind deeds make you happy!

How do I know?

Because I've tried it

And found it so!

—M. Louise C. Hastings.

A SUBSTITUTE

Dear Boys and Girls:

The text for this story is found in Galatians 2, 20: "The Son of God, who loved me, and gave Himself for me."

John had been very tiresome in school all morning. He spent the first hour thinking about last night's baseball game, instead of doing his arithmetic. Of course, when the teacher came to correct the work, John had not finished even the first problem. As soon as the teacher's back was turned, he took a handful of marbles from his pocket and spent some time admiring them. Not only did he waste his own time, but kept those who were sitting near him from studying. So, Miss Brown, the teacher, felt that John must be punished. He was called to the front and commanded to stand in the corner for half an hour.

As he was going there, Barry, who was much younger than the guilty boy, came to Miss Brown and asked that he be allowed to take John's place. The teacher, much surprised, did not ask Barry any question. But she told the little fellow that half an hour was a long time when it had to be spent in punishment. These words did not change Barry's mind. So the teacher told him that anyone who was being punished was in disgrace, and that if any visitors entered the school he would appear to be a naughty and unruly child. But nothing changed Barry's purpose, and Miss Brown permitted him to take his companion's place in the corner.

When the half hour was up, Barry was allowed to leave the corner, then the teacher asked him if his companion had persuaded him to take his place.

"Oh, no," he replied.

"Don't you think John deserved to be punished?"

"Oh, yes," he said, "he deserved it."

„Why then, did you want to bear this punishment in his place?"

"Miss Brown, it is because I love him."

What a touching reply! The other children had listened with deep attention to this conversation. The teacher then called the disobedient boy, and ordered him to go, in his turn, to the corner. But the children protested. A number of little voices cried out at the same time, "Oh, but that wouldn't be right, that wouldn't be right!" . . . "nor just either," added one of the boldest.

"Why would it not be just?" asked the teacher. "Has not John disobeyed?"

"Yes, Miss Brown, but Barry has taken the punishment in his place; you should not then, on that account, punish John."

"Does that bring anything to your minds?" asked the teacher.

"Yes, teacher," said several voices, "it reminds us that Jesus bore the punishment of our sins."

"So, what name would you give to Barry now?"

"He is a substitute."

"What is a substitute?"

"One who takes the place of another."

"Whose place has Jesus taken?"

"He took the place of sinners."

"Barry told us he wished to take John's place, and be punished instead of him, because he loved him. Can you tell me why Jesus wished to die in the place of sinners?"

"It was because He loved us."

"What verse in the Bible proves that?"

"Galatians 2, 20: 'The Son of God, who loved me, and gave Himself for me'."

"You told me just now that it would not be fair to put the naughty boy in the corner, after having punished Barry in his stead; what lesson may we draw from this fact?"

"We gain from it the assurance that God will never punish any sinner who believes in Jesus Christ as His Saviour."

Boys and girls, let us thank Jesus for bearing our punishment. The best way to thank Him is to live for Him. Jesus wants you. Remember He said, "Suffer little children to come unto Me."

Dear Lord, we do thank You for bearing our punishment for us. Help us to come to You, and don't let anything stop us.

For Jesus' Sake, Amen.

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YOU CAN WIN

Grenville Kleiser

*No matter how hard
Your problem may be,
And rugged the hill to climb,
You can win the day
If you plug away
And make good use of your time.*

*The man who despairs
Before a hard task
And slumps in an easy chair,
Has nothing to win,
When he weakly gives in,
But vain disappointment and care.*

*Be up and alert,
Get on with your job.
Don't dream of the things you will do;
Push on toward the goal
With heart, mind and soul,
And prove the true mettle in you.*

JOHN THREE SIXTEEN

Dear Boys and Girls:

The text for this story is found in John 3, 16.

One cold wintry night, a poor Irish boy stood in the streets of a big city—homeless, and friendless.

He had gotten into bad company, and was working with a band of thieves, who were leading him farther and farther on the road to hell. That very night they had planned to commit a burglary and had told the lad to meet them in a certain street and at a certain hour.

As he stood there waiting, shivering and cold, a hand was suddenly laid on his shoulder. It was very dark. He could see only a tall form standing by him, and he trembled with fear; but a kindly voice said:

"Boy, what are you doing here at this time of night? Such as you have no business to be in the streets at so late an hour; go home, go to bed."

"I have no home, and no bed to go to."

"That's very sad, poor fellow! Would you go to a bed if I were to provide one?"

"That I would," replied the lad.

"Well, in such a street and at such a number (indicating the place) you will find a bed. Remember that the pass is 'John 3:16'; don't forget, or they won't let you in. 'John 3:16.' There, that's something that will do you good."

Joyfully the lad rushed off repeating the pass, and soon found himself at the place he had been told to go. Timidly he rang the bell. The night porter opened, and in a gruff voice asked, "Who's there?"

"Me, sir. Please, sir. I'm John Three Sixteen."

"All right, in with you; that's the pass," and in the boy went.

He was soon in a nice warm bed, and between sheets such as he had never felt before. As he curled himself up to go to sleep he thought, "This is a lucky name; I'll stick to it." The next morning he was given a bowl of bread and hot milk before being sent out into the street (for this home was only for night.) He wandered on and on, fearful of meeting his old companions, thinking over the wonders of the night and his new name, when, crossing a street, he was run over.

The unconscious lad was rushed to the nearest hospital. In a short time his sufferings brought on fever and delirium. And he kept repeating, "'John Three Sixteen, John Three Sixteen.' It was to do me good, and so it has."

These cries aroused the other patients. Bibles were pulled out. What could he mean? And here one, and there one, and another, read the precious word, "For God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish but have everlasting life."

At last consciousness returned, and the poor little fellow gazed around him. How big the place looked and how quiet it was! Where was he? Presently a voice from the next bed said, "Hello, John Three Sixteen, and how are you today?"

"Why how did you know my new name?"

"Know it! You've never ceased with your 'John Three Sixteen,' and I for one say, blessed John 3, 16."

This sounded strange to the little lad's ears. To be called blessed—he for whom no one cared!

"And do you know where it comes from? It's from the Bible."

"The Bible! What's that?" The poor little waif had never heard of the Bible. "Read it to me," he said. And as the

words fell on his ear he muttered, "That's beautiful; it's all about love, and not a home for a night but a home for always."

He soon learned the text, and its meaning, saying, "I've not only got a new name, but something to it."

On a cot near him lay an old man who was very ill. He groaned aloud, "God have mercy," he cried, "I'm such a sinner, I'm not fit to die. What shall I do? Oh, what will become of me?"

Our little fellow heard his sorrowful words. "Poor old man," thinks he, "he wants a pass."

"Patrick," he called, "I know something that will do you good, quite sure; it has done me. Here it is. Now listen, John 3:16. Are you listening?"

"Yes, yes, go on."

John 3, 16: For God so loved the world that he gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have Everlasting Life." Again and again he had to repeat these words. Through them Patrick found peace in his dying hour and with his pass he entered into everlasting life.

Our little friend recovered. For a long time John 3:16 was his one text. God blessed his simple faith, friends were raised up to him and he was cared for and sent to school.

Dear Lord, help us to believe and accept John 3:16, and use it for our pass to Heaven.

For Jesus' Sake, Amen.

By permission of the Evangelical Christian, Toronto, Canada.

A GREAT SACRIFICE

Dear Boys and Girls:

The text for this story is found in I Corinthians 15, 3: "Christ died for our sins."

Near Labrador, some men were hunting seals. Certain boys were with them. There were several ships in the party. In all, one hundred and seventy-three men and boys left their ships and went out on the floating ice. They were better able to hunt seals that way. It was a dangerous task. While the men were on the ice a storm came up. Soon it turned into a blinding blizzard. Danger was all about them. Their ship could not get near enough to take them off. No boats could be launched because they would have sunk in the rough sea. In such a situation there was great danger of freezing to death. So the men and boys tried to keep moving all through the night.

There was a boy in the company named Toby. Toby tripped and fell into the water. Others pulled him out. His wet clothes were freezing and he was apt to die.

Among the men was one named Jonathan. He was Toby's grandfather. All boys love their grandfathers and all grandfathers love their grandsons. Some of the men died from cold and exposure. The others tried to take the clothing from their dead companions to put onto the boy. But it was frozen stiff. They had no fire. Grandfather Jonathan saw the situation. He called two of the older boys to him and said, "I will lie down and die. Put my warm clothing on the lad. Take care of him." He really gave his life to save the boy Toby. They took off his clothes and put them on Toby, and so kept the boy from freezing.

In the morning the men were rescued and the ship headed for the harbor, the dead silently placed on the deck. As it entered, Toby looked about and saw his grandfather, Jonathan, dead! Then he saw the safety of the harbor. His eyes turned toward Heaven and he seemed to choke as he said what amounted to a promise and a prayer, "I will be worthy."

His grandfather had given his life to save him. He wanted to live in after years so that he would be worthy of such a great sacrifice. It was a noble resolution.

Boys and girls, there is something greater than that. See people struggling along in life, overcome with sin, — striving and failing. See them facing death itself. Without help they cannot find life. Then, can't you hear God say, "I will save my people. I will send them my Son, Jesus. He will save them from their sins."

God did send His Son. The Scripture tells us: "For God so loved the world, that he gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life." Folk crucified Him. There on Calvary's Cross Jesus gave His life for you and for me, for all. Paul truly writes; "Christ died for our sins..." That is the sacrifice He made for every one of us.

We are bought with a price. Look to Calvary. See there Jesus making the great sacrifice for us. We ought to love Him. We ought to serve Him. We ought to follow Him. We ought to give Him our lives. He gave His life for each one of us.

With firm resolve and consecration lift your eyes toward Heaven and pray, "O, God, help me to be worthy."

Dear Lord, we thank Thee for Thy great sacrifice. Help us all to be worthy.

For Jesus' Sake, Amen.

OLD RATTLE-BONES

Dear Boys and Girls:

Our text for this story is taken from St. John 15, 13: "Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends." The best thing about this story is that it's a true one.

Let us go to England. Four horses and a stage coach came up to a hotel. The boys are on the green playing ball. They all put down the bat and ball to see the people get off the coach. One man gets down very slowly. He looks pale—body all bent over. When he gets down from the stage some crutches are put under his arms and he looks at a house a little way distant and goes along very slowly. And the boys all stand and look at him, they don't know who he is, and finally one of them, Freddie, cries out "Go it, old rattle-bones! Go it, old rattle-bones!" The boys then went to play ball again and the gentleman went on. When he got to the house Mrs. Williamson came to the door and said, "Mr. Johnson, you look ill." "Yes, the doctor says that I can live but a little while, and I thought I must come home and see Freddie before I die. I have been suffering for ten years since I saved his life when he was a baby." "Yes, we all know about it, Mr. Johnson; my dear Freddie would have lost his life if it had not been for you."

"Where is he?"

"He is playing ball, I will send for him."

She invited Mr. Johnson in, and did everything she could for him.

But let us go back a little. Ten years before a baby carriage started from that house and Mrs. Williamson said to the servant, "Take good care of the little boy, Bessie; you know he is our only child." Away went Bessie wheeling the carriage along the bank of the river. She accidentally dropped her handkerchief, and as she turned to pick it up let go of the carriage, and it being on a little incline, ran down the bank and the baby was thrown into the water. Bessie gave a shriek, which attracted the attention of Mr. Johnson, who was coming along, and as he was a swimmer he plunged into the water, and after a good deal of difficulty he brought Freddie to shore. It was a cool day and Mr. Johnson caught a dreadful cold, chronic rheumatism came on and the doctors told him he had better go to the south of France. He did not get any better, and the doctors in France told him he would have to die, and if he had any matters to attend to, he had better do so at once. "I want to see that boy, Freddie, who caused me all this pain; I want to hear him thank me for all the sufferings I have endured." So he came from France across the English Channel to that town and Freddie was the boy who called him "Old Rattle-bones." When he asked for Freddie, Mrs. Williamson said, "I will send for him. Bessie, tell Freddie a gentleman wants to see him; tell him Mr. Johnson has come."

Bessie went out and called to him, "Come home, Freddie, Mr. Johnson has come."

Freddie began to think, "It must have been Mr. Johnson that I called 'old rattle-bones'; I don't want to see him."

Freddie did not start to run home at all. The servant went into the house.

Where is Freddie? Did you tell him to come home?"

"Yes, Mum."

"Why didn't he come?"

"I don't know Mum."

"Didn't he say he'd come home?"

"No, Mum."

(She didn't know he had called Mr. Johnson 'old rattle-bones'.)

"Go and get him."

Bessie went to the door and there was Freddie coming up the steps as though he had on leaden boots. She didn't know what was the matter, he came up the steps so slowly. Bessie said, "Why don't you hurry? Go wash your face and hands. A gentleman in the parlor wants to see you."

Freddie didn't hurry a bit. He was ashamed to see the man who had nearly died to save him, and whom he had insulted. After a long time he went into the parlor and began to cry. His mother said, "Freddie, what are you crying about? I thought you would be glad to see Mr. Johnson. You have heard us tell how he saved your life when you were a baby, and we thought you would be glad to see him."

But Freddie cried the more.

"Why, what is the matter, Freddie?"

Mr. Johnston knew what was the matter. It was Freddie who had called him the name and led the boys in jeering him.

Freddie could not raise his eyes: "Oh, mother," he said, "it was I who was so mean and impudent to him when he got off the stage. I am so ashamed. Mr. Johnson, will you forgive me?"

Boys and girls, Mr. Johnson gave his life to save Freddie. But do you know that Someone gave His Life to Save you. Jesus died for you. "Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends."

Dear Lord, help us to be kind and thoughtful of others. May we return Thy great love by giving ourselves to Thee.

For Jesus' Sake, Amen.

BILLY'S FIRST CHRISTMAS TREE

Dear Boys and Girls:

Our text is found in John 3, 16: "For God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son."

It was Christmas Eve in one of the great Eastern cities. The shadows of night were falling as little nine-year-old Billy Raymond stepped out of a dimly lighted alley court that he called home. Even as he came out of the house he was too cold to shiver, though both his hands were tightly jammed into the pocket of his ragged coat. Billy was the chief support of his pale-faced mother who had been sickly for several years. His father had died four years before. Billy was busy from morning until late at night, selling papers or running errands in order to get money for coal, clothes, and food.

Poor Billy knew nothing about the inside of a church or a Sunday School. No one seemed to care enough to search him out for the Sunday School. While other boys and girls were at places of worship Billy was selling Sunday Morning papers. The things he knew most about were running errands, selling newspapers, and being hungry and cold.

This particular Christmas Eve, on his way home from delivering some packages, he passed a great church. A bit of curiosity caused Billy to slip through the doors. A sight strange to his eyes was seen. A large Christmas tree was beautifully decorated with lights and bright ornaments.

As Billy hid himself behind an inner door where it was lovely and warm, he heard the pastor talking. "Do you know children," he asked, "why we always have a tree on Christmas Eve?" No one seemed to know. "Well, then, let me

ask, what did our Heavenly Father give to us on Christmas Eve long ago?"

"Jesus! He gave us Jesus!" rang a chorus of voices. A little freckled-faced boy in the back seat drawled, "He gave Him to everybody—black children as well as white ones." A little girl spoke up, "He was borned in a manger with the sheep and the cows."

"Right," said the pastor, "we know He loves everybody, rich and poor. But now, who can tell me why, on Christmas night, folks have a habit of hanging their gifts on a tree?"

"Oh, I know!" cried a neatly dressed little lass in the front seat. "My mother told me it was because God hung His gift for us on a tree!"

"You are right, my girl," said the minister. "God gave Jesus to everybody to be their Saviour, and to take them at last to Heaven. Especially did He give Him to those who are poor and broken-hearted. And this wonderful Gift of God was hung on the cross—a tree. In memory of that fact, we have this tree here."

Back of the inside door, still thawing out his hands and feet, stood Billy Raymond, drinking in for the first time in his life that old, old Christmas story. It was all so new and fairy-like to him. He believed even as he heard. It must be true. God must be like that. He loves. He forgives. And He gave us Jesus while the angels sang. And Jesus died for us on a tree. God gave Him—and especially to the poor and broken-hearted. Billy's cheeks became wet, and none the cleaner as he wiped away his tears with his fingers. And then a thought . . .

"My poor Mom'll like to know about that. The Doc said that my Mom ain't much longer for this world. Guess Mom'll like to know about Jesus, about God, about angels, about Heaven, about how God specially loves poor folks. Mom's poor! I'll go tell Mom!"

Out of the door again into the Christmas storm crept Billy. Then he sped toward the alley home . . . "to tell Mom. She'll be glad!"

At a street crossing, a great heavy auto truck suddenly rounded the corner and shot its blaring lights through the storm. Billy thought he could beat it—crossing in front of it. He ran only to be struck by a swiftly moving passenger auto that was passing around the truck.

In a few minutes Billy was dying on a cot in a hospital.

"Fatally injured," said the Doctor.

Billy regained consciousness. Slowly opening his eyes he said: "Mom! I want my Mom! She'll be glad to know!"

Soon, the Mother's white arms and toil-worn hands were about the lad's neck.

"Let me tell my Mom—she'll be glad to know—to know—to know—about angels singing—about Heaven—God's Christmas gift—a tree—a tree on which He hung—wounded for folks who didn't always do right, Mom; wounded—bruised—our iniquities—the tree, Mom, the tree—God's Christmas tree—" and the words came slowly, brokenly, in little gasps through a little mouth filling with his life's blood: "for the poor, Mom—the poor, like us—the broken-hearted, Mom, like you—listen! Angels! Christmas angels singing—city beautiful—no dark—no cold—no newspapers—and—and—the tree Mom—the tree!" Then Billy died.

Once again it was Christmas Eve. Once again the angels swept through the sky, winging a redeemed lad to glory . . .

Dear Lord, we thank Thee for Thy Christmas Gift. May we believe as Billy did.

For Jesus' Sake, Amen.

THE ROBBER CHIEF

Dear Boys and Girls:

The text for this story is Revelation 3, 20: "Behold, I stand at the door, and knock; if any man hear my voice, and open the door, I will come in to him, and will sup with him, and he with me."

How many of you have ever seen a castle? I'm sure you've at least seen pictures of one, with its great towers, thick walls, draw bridge and heavy gates. The castle in this story was in Scotland. The Master and Mistress of the Castle were going away to France for a visit. The servants, who were left behind, promised to take the very best care of everything. So, the Master and the Mistress did not bother to lock up the jewels, silverware and other valuables, but trusted everything to the care of the servants.

Can you guess what happened the first night the owners were away? The servants all put their heads together and planned a big party. They brought wine up from the basement, brought on the music, feasted, danced, and drank. Oh! they were having a real gay time! About midnight a terrible storm arose. The thunder rolled and crashed. The lightning flashed. The wind howled and shrieked. The vines rattled against the window. The rain beat against the pane.

Some of the servants began to feel frightened, for they knew they were doing wrong. One man thought he heard a rap at the door. "Tap. Tap." But the rest of them said, "Oh, it's only the wind, on with the dance."

Soon the rap came again, a little bit louder this time. "Tap. Tap." One who was drunker than the rest said, "Oh, that's only the wind, on with the dance. Bring on the wine, and let us have a good time."

Again the rap came. There could be no mistaking it this time. "Tap. Tap." What should they do? Finally, one who was bolder than the others, went to the door, pulled back the great bars, and in fell a little boy about eight years of age. His curls were all wet, and his clothing was soaked with rain.

The servants led the little fellow in and put him on a couch in front of the huge fireplace. Before long, they all went to bed. But they were so drunk and so drowsy they forgot to put guards on the castle wall and a guard at the door.

In the middle of the night, the little boy, who really belonged to a band of brigands, unbolted the door from the inside, and let in the whole band of brigands. In the morning, when the servants awakened, they found all of their Master's valuables gone. The jewels and other things with which they had been trusted, had been stolen by the brigands.

Boys and girls, each one of us has a castle which God, our Master, has given us to guard. It is the castle of our soul. Satan, who is a "robber chief", would like to rob us of all that is beautiful and pure and good in life. Yes, Satan would even like to destroy the castle of our soul for all Eternity. There is only one way we can make sure of defeating our enemy, the devil, and that is by inviting Jesus to come into our hearts. Revelation 3:20 says, "Behold I stand at the door and knock." Jesus is standing at your heart's door, knocking. Don't keep Him waiting any longer, invite Him to come in. Think of all He has done for you in going to the cross, and giving His Life and shedding His Blood for your sins. If you have Jesus with you every minute of the day, you need never fear Satan. Jesus was tempted in every way, so He can give instant victory to us when we are tempted and tried.

Dear Lord, come into our hearts, and forgive our sins. We want You to guard the castle of our souls.

For Jesus' Sake, Amen.

A.H.

SOME ONE IS WATCHING

Dear Boys and Girls:

Our text is found in Genesis 16, 13: "Thou God seest me."

Pearl Brown lived across the street from a beautiful old mansion. There was a lovely walled garden at one side and Pearl often wished she might go inside and see all the beautiful flowers. But there was a stern-looking old gardener who didn't look as if he would allow children inside the wall. One day Pearl noticed that the stern-faced gardener was gone. Instead there was a round-faced, jolly-looking fellow busy with a hoe.

"Do you suppose he would allow us to go in and see the flowers?" Pearl asked her little sister Lois.

"Want to see flowers," Lois cried. "Want to smell flowers!"

Pearl walked up close to the wall. The round-faced gardener looked up.

"Hello, there!" he said, with a smile.

Pearl spoke as politely as she knew how. Lois smiled and showed her pretty dimples.

"We would love to see all the flowers in there," Pearl told him.

"Come right in," the gardener invited. "You may walk along the gravel paths and see them all. But you must not pull them. Mr. Saunders would be angry if you were to destroy his flowers. There are several little folks in the garden now. They all promised to be very careful and not to pull the blossoms."

"Oh, thank you," Pearl beamed. "We won't touch a single flower."

Pearl took Lois by the hand, and together the little girls walked along the pretty paths. Finally Lois became tired of being led. She wriggled loose and ran ahead of Pearl. Down the path she went toward the stone steps that led into the rose garden.

All of a sudden Pearl heard a cry. It sounded very much like Lois' voice. Pearl rushed up the path toward the stone steps. The sight that met her eyes made Pearl throw up her hand in horror. She could not even utter a word as she stood looking at Lois with wide eyes and an open mouth! For that mischievous child had strewn roses all over the walk. Piles of red, pink, and yellow petals lay everywhere. She had pulled the roses and torn them apart!

"Lois!" cried Pearl after a moment. "Lois, what have you done?"

"Old pin on the pretty rose stuck Lois," the baby answered, holding up an injured finger.

"Oh, Lois, what shall we do?" Pearl moaned. "Just look at the lovely flowers you have ruined. Whatever will the gardener say?"

The little girl did not seem to understand what mischief she had done, but poor Pearl knew that this was the last time she would ever be allowed into the beautiful garden. Suddenly a thought came to her. Perhaps if she took Lois and ran out fast, very fast, the gardener might not know who had destroyed his flowers. He might even blame those other children. Grabbing Lois' hand, she began to run toward the gate.

"Hurry, hurry, maybe we can get on before he notices what you did!"

When they reached the gate the gardener was busy pulling weeds. His face was turned the other way. Pearl knew she could slip past without being seen. Just as she was about

to do it, she remembered that some One had seen her, some One who watched over the world night and day, some One who would be grieved if one of His little ones deceived. Pearl stopped short. If she told the gardener what had happened, she would never be allowed in the garden again. She hesitated, but not long. "Mr. Gardener," she said in a small voice, "I'm terribly sorry, I—I"

"Why what's wrong?" the astonished gardener asked. And Pearl told him what had happened. "Lois is so small, she didn't understand about pulling the roses, I guess."

"Come, and show me which ones she pulled," the gardener said.

Pearl ran ahead. She bounded up the stone steps and pointed to the heap of petals lying there. Then she looked up into the face of the gardener. Why, he didn't look angry at all. He was smiling! Pearl could't understand.

"The little girl didn't pull the roses," he said. "Those are just old blossoms that I snipped off this morning so that the buds would grow nicer. You needn't have been so frightened, little Missy, but I sure am glad to meet such an honest little girl. You and your sister may come in and see the flowers any time you like."

"Oh, thank you!" Pearl said with shining eyes. Why, everything that had been so very, very wrong only a few moments before was all very, very right now. "And all because I remembered Jesus was watching," Pearl said to herself.

Pearl and Lois spent many happy hours that summer wandering up and down the garden paths looking at the flowers.

Dear Lord, we are so glad You see everything we do. Help us to be brave and honest and always right the wrongs we do.

In Jesus' Name we pray, Amen.

"A VICTORY"

Dear Boys and Girls:

The text for this story is Deut. 6, 5: "Thou shalt love the Lord, Thy God, with all thy heart."

"I don't understand why everybody thinks Eva Evans is so wonderful," said June to her mother, as they sat on the porch swing. "There are a lot of prettier girls in school and a lot who make better marks and wear better clothes."

"How do you know everyone thinks so well of Eva?" her mother asked.

"Well, people are always saying nice things about her. I'd just like to know why," June said, and her tone of voice showed very plainly that she did not share in their enthusiasm for Eva.

"Well," said her mother, "if you would really like to know, watch Eva closely. Notice what she does and says, then you may discover the secret."

The next day as she was leaving school, June saw Eva at the street corner. Two small children stood on the sidewalk. They were afraid to cross the street for there were many autos passing by. Eva spoke to the little boy and girl and took them both by the hand and led them safely across.

As they hurried on down the street, Eva passed a fruit stand. A big red apple rolled off the stand and down onto the sidewalk. Eva sprang after it to catch it, and replaced it among the others on the stand. The grocer who was inside the store saw what Eva did. He waved and smiled at her. Eva waved back and went on her way. At the next crossing a piece of torn newspaper blew along the curb. Eva picked it up and stuffed it into the big green box marked, "Keep Your City Clean."

4 A little way down the street a small boy was standing in the front of his home crying as though his heart would break. Several people passed by without noticing him. Eva stopped and June heard her ask gently, "What's the matter? Why are you crying?"

"Muver's gone and left me," wailed the child. "Her is gone to the store."

"Why she's only gone to get some supper." June could hear Eva telling him. "Now, if I were you I'd hide behind the fence and watch for her! Just slip in here and when you see her coming pop out and surprise her! Then you can help her carry the good things home!"

The little boy smiled through his tears. "Me do dat, too, me watch for muver!" he lisped, and darted behind the fence.

5 Eva skipped on down the street. When she came to widow Brown's little cottage she turned in at the gate and walked up the path toward the door.

"Whatever does Eva mean by going into the cross widow's yard?" June thought.

"Oh, Eva," called June. When Eva turned and came toward her, "Aren't you afraid to go into her yard?" June asked.

"Why, no!" exclaimed Eva, "Mrs. Brown is just a poor, old woman. She is lame. She can't walk as far as the store any more so I do her shopping for her. She's very kind to me. I'll have to hurry or she'll think I'm not coming. Good bye June." And Eva hurried to the widow's house.

As June walked slowly homeward she felt very sure she had discovered the reason everyone loved Eva so much. She had such a sweet disposition, she never got cross and was so unselfish and always on the lookout for some way to help others.

Boys and girls, Eva's sweetness wasn't a gift, it was a victory. Two years before she was one of the hardest girls to get along with in the whole school. She was conceited

and selfish; she wanted her own way, and didn't care if she walked over others in trying to get it. It was when she gave her heart to Jesus, and accepted Him as her Master that the change began. She could be heard softly singing,

"I'll go where You want me to go, dear Lord,
I'll be what You want me to be."

The change did not come all at once. There were times when the old Eva flared out for an instant and seemed to be the victor. Then her lips would move as she said to herself, "I'll be what You want me to be, dear Lord," and then the new Eva would smile and beg pardon of the one she had wronged. That is the Eva everyone loves, not the old Eva, but the Eva that is trying to do, every day, the will of her Heavenly Father, seeking to live the commandment, "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart."

Dear Lord, help us, too, to give our hearts to Thee; and say, "I'll go where You want me to go, dear Lord, I'll be what You want me to be."

For Jesus' Sake, Amen.

"Christian Life Series"—by permission of the Union Gospel Press.

THE TWO ROADS

*The right road is a long road,
And at times it may be rough;
But don't leave it for the wrong road,
That is paved with sham and bluff.*

*And don't mistake the smiling
Of the men who travel there;
Or the gold that they are piling,
As a sign that all is fair.*

*For beneath the jewels shining,
And the pleasures they possess,
And behind their hours of winning
There's a fearful loneliness.*

—Publisher Unknown.

JEWELS

Dear Boys and Girls:

Our text for this story is found in Malachi 3, 17: "And they shall be mine saith the Lord of Hosts, in that day when I make up my Jewels."

Several years ago a man walked into a Chicago shop where jewels are cut. His name was John Mihok and he lived in Omaha. After he came into the shop he reached into his pocket and pulled out what looked at first like a big pebble. It was rough and red. He handed it to the man who owned the shop and said, "I want you to cut and polish this." When the jewel cutter saw it he nearly fainted. He was almost speechless. But he did ask, "Where did you get it?" Mr. Mihok could not understand why the jewel cutter got so excited. He said, "My father picked it up in Hungary fifty years ago. He thought it was a pretty pebble. When I landed in this country I found it in my valise. It has been lying around the house ever since. The children played with it. My baby cut his teeth on it. One night I dreamed it was a diamond and worth a lot of money, but it is not a diamond. It is red."

"No," said the jewel cutter, whose name was Gustaf Gillman, "it is a pigeon-blood ruby." "What might it be worth?" asked Mr. Mihok. "I would say anywhere from one hundred thousand to two hundred and fifty thousand dollars," was Mr. Gillmans' answer. Now Mr. Mihok nearly fainted and he had to lean against the door to keep from falling.

Here was a jewel of great value. The man who found it thought it was just a nice pebble. Its value was there all the time, but no one recognized it. It was thrown around. Children played with it and one cut his teeth on it. All the time it was a jewel of great value.

Mr. Gillman cut the stone, and when it was finished and polished it weighed 23.9 karats. It is one of the largest rubies in the world. I do not know what Mr. Mihok got for it, but it was a very large sum of money.

Boys and girls, probably none of us will ever pick up a pebble like that. Doubtless few of us will ever have a jewel worth a large sum of money. But there are jewels of great value in which each one of us can be very much interested. Do you know what they are? Why, they are our own lives.

God considers every person to be worth a great deal. It was Jesus who told men how valuable they are. Years before God told the prophet Malachi to say, "And they shall be mine, saith the Lord of Hosts, in that day when I make up my jewels."

God has given each one of us a life. That life is very valuable. There is no person on earth who can create or give life. Only God can do that. So valuable is the life that God gives us that no price on earth can buy it. You think Mr. Mihok's ruby was very valuable and it was. The city might have enough money to buy several rubies like that if they were found. But there is not enough money in all the city to buy one human life.

Did you ever think of that? Did you ever stop to consider just how valuable your life is? What are you going to do with it?

You may do with your life what that man did at first with the valuable ruby, just throw it around and not bother much about it. You may fail to recognize the value of your life and so not develop it. You may even throw it away and so lose it.

You may also do what the man later did with the ruby. He had it polished to bring out all its beauty. So, may you now begin to realize the value of the life God has given you. Ask Jesus to come into your heart that He may shape and carve and beautify your life, the way he has planned it.

Then, when He makes up His precious jewels God will say,
"What a beautiful life. Here is a jewel of great price."

Dear Lord, we are glad that You see the sparrow when it falls, and we are told that each one of us is of more value than many sparrows. Help us to give ourselves to You, so that You will be able to carve and shape and beautify our lives.

For Jesus' Sake, Amen.

From: "Children of God and Other Story Sermons," by Rev. W. R. Siegart, R.D.
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THE DAYS WHEN THINGS GO WRONG

*'O the sky is blue and the wind is west,
And a song is in the air,
And we go our way with joyous hearts
With never a thought of care.
And then comes a mist and a sudden rain,
And the air has lost its song.
While we sadly wonder just why it is
That some days must go wrong.*

*But what if the day is not to blame—
Just as we ourselves, maybe,
Who started the day with hasty words
That are apt to bound back, you see?
So, whether the truth be this or that,
Perhaps a bit of a song,
Or a merry laugh may banish the days
When everything goes wrong.*

—Publisher Unknown

MOTHER'S HELPER

Dear Boys and Girls:

The text for this story is John 14, 15: "If ye love me keep my commandments."

The three Wright children, Jack, Edith and Molly, were sitting around the dining-room table busily doing homework. Molly closed her books with a sigh of relief and broke the silence by saying:

"We had an argument at school to-day about who had the best mother. Each of the other girls thought her mother was the best, but I still think Mumsy can't be beaten. She's the nicest mother in the whole world!"

"Yes, Mother never gets cross with us, and she does so many thoughtful things, I'm sure I don't know what we would do without her," added Edith.

"For once, I agree with you," said Jack jubilantly, banging his books on the table. "And I say let's give Mom a big surprise tomorrow. Let's each one of us tell her just how much we love her."

The next day being Saturday, Jack was the first to jump out of bed. Mother was busy dressing Junior when Jack came whistling into the kitchen.

"I say, Mom, you're the swellest Mother a boy ever had," exclaimed Jack, going over to her and giving her a bear hug and big kiss.

Mother smiled. It wasn't often Jack was so affectionate.

After breakfast Jack grabbed his glove and bat and hurried across the road to where the boys were playing ball. But the wood-box was empty. The ash-pan was full of ashes, and there was no water in the water pail.

Mother was busy clearing away the breakfast dishes when Edith arrived on the scene. "Oh, Mother, you are such a dear," she said as she kissed her several times on the cheek. "What would I do without you?"

But Edith had gotten out the wrong side of the bed. First—she could not find her hair ribbon. Mother finally found it among the school books, where Edith had carelessly left it the night before. Next—there was a hole in the knee of her stocking which must be mended. By the time Edith, who disliked mending very much, had finished the task, she was in a very bad mood. After quarreling with Junior she banged the door and ran down the steps, swinging her skipping rope, to join her chum Muriel Banks. Mother was relieved; it was nice to have quiet once more.

Soon Molly, who had taken time to tidy her room, came smiling down the stairs and into the kitchen. Going over to Mother, she kissed her, and lovingly placed her arm about her. Tenderly laying her head on her mother's shoulder she said, "Mother, I love you a lot! What can I do to help you?"

Without waiting to be told, she picked up the tea towel and dried the breakfast dishes. Then she took the broom and swept the floor as clean as could be. After that she took a cloth and carefully dusted all the furniture. Baby sister was crying, so Molly built a pyramid of blocks and baby was soon clapping her hands in glee. Mother smiled at her little helper. How happy she was to have such a kind, thoughtful daughter.

Boys and girls, which one of the children do you suppose loved Mother best? Molly of course! Jack and Edith loved Mother with their lips. But Molly loved Mother with her life.

Even so, in the same way we show our love for Jesus. Many people say that they love Jesus, but they do not live

for Him. Jesus said to His disciples, "If ye love Me, keep my commandments." Jesus taught that the greatest commandment was, "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind." And if we love God we shall want to live for Him twenty-four hours a day.

Dear Lord, help us to serve Thee faithfully each day.
May we show our love for Thee by the lives we live.

For Jesus' Sake, Amen.

A.H.

BUILDING CHARACTER

*Oh, did you know the little thoughts
That flutter through your mind
Are always either good and pure
Or selfish and unkind.*

*And did you know that what you think
And what you say today
Will make you what you are to be,
Because you grow that way?*

*Your life is built just like a house:
The things you think and do
Are like the bricks the builders use,
For they are building you.*

*The bricks that crumble, none would want
To build into a wall,
Because when winds began to blow
The house would quickly fall.*

*And so, to build your character
And build it strong and sure,
Use pleasant words, do kindly deeds,
And let your thoughts be pure.*

THE SIX HUNDRED DOLLAR CRUTCH

Dear Boys and Girls:

Our text is to be found in Malachi 3, 10: "Bring ye all the tithes into the store-house, that there may be meat in Mine House, and prove Me now herewith, saith the Lord of Hosts, if I will not open you the windows of Heaven, and pour you out a blessing, that there shall not be room enough to receive it."

Little crippled Maggie sat huddled in a corner of the seat in the rear of the big church. The minister had been telling the large congregation about a little mission church up in the mountains, amongst rough men and women who knew scarcely anything of God and of the religion of Christ. His eyes searched the faces of his stylish worldly congregation. He had hoped to inspire the people with the spirit of giving, to make them feel it was a sweet and blessed privilege, and he had failed.

"God help me," he murmured. He could not see the bent figure of little crippled Maggie in the rear of the church—a figure which was trembling under the fire of his appeal.

"Lord Jesus," the little one was saying, brokenly, "I ain't got nothin' ter give for a special Easter offerin'; I want the people in the mountains to hear 'bout my Saviour. O Lord, I ain't got nothin' ter"

What was it that made the child catch her breath as though a cold hand had taken hold of her heart?

"Yes, you have, Maggie," whispered a voice from somewhere, "you've got your crutch, your beautiful crutch that was given ter you, an' is worth a lot of shinin' dollars. You kin give up your best frien' what helps you ter git into the

park where the birds sing, an' takes you ter preachin', an' makes your life happy."

"Oh, no, Lord," sobbed the child, choking and shivering. "Yes, yes, I will. He gave up more'n that for me."

Blindly she extended the polished crutch, and placed it in the hands of the deacon who was taking up the scanty Easter offering. For a moment the man was puzzled, then, understanding her meaning, he carried her crutch to the front of the church, and laid it on the table in front of the pulpit. The minister stepped down from behind the pulpit and held up the crutch with shaking hands. A lump in his throat kept him from speaking for a moment.

"Do you see it, my people?" he faltered at last; "little Maggie's crutch—all she has to relieve her helplessness? She has given it to the Lord, and you . . . ?"

There was a moment of silence. The people flushed, and moved restlessly in their cushioned pews.

"Does anyone want to contribute to the mission cause the amount of money this crutch would bring, and give it back to the child who is helpless without it?" the minister asked gravely.

"Fifty dollars," came in husky tones from the banker.

"Twenty-five."

"One hundred."

And so the subscription went on, until papers equivalent to six hundred dollars were lightly piled over the crutch on the table.

"Ah, you have found your hearts—thank God! Let us receive the benediction," almost whispered the minister, as he suddenly extended his hands which were trembling with emotion.

Little Maggie, taken up with the greatness of her offering and the love which prompted it, understood nothing that had taken place. She had no thought of the future, of how

she would reach her humble home, or of the days in which she would sit helpless in her chair as she had once done. Christ had demanded her all, and she had given it. She understood no better when a woman's arm drew her into close embrace, and soft lips whispered into her ears:

"Maggie, dear, your crutch has made \$600 for the mission church in the mountains, and has come back to stay with you again. Take it, little one."

Like a flash of light there came the consciousness that in some myterious way her gift had been accepted of God and returned to her, and with a cry of joy the child caught the beloved crutch to her lonely heart; then, smiling through her tears at the kind faces and reverential eyes, she hobbled out of the sanctuary.

Dear Lord. You have done so much for us, help us to be willing to give all we have and all we are for You.

In Jesus' Name, Amen.

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CLOSER, CLOSER LORD!

*Lest I fall beside the way—
Hear me, Lord, I pray,
Walk Thou close beside me, Lord,
Until night turns to day.*

*In the sunset hours of life
Stay Thou close to me,
Closer, closer by my side
Through all eternity.*

—Margaret Scheffer Connelly

THE GREEN CATERPILLAR

Dear Boys and Girls:

The text for our story is I John, 3, 12: "It does not yet appear what we shall be."

"Life is hard these days, I am sure," said the green caterpillar as it crawled a quarter of an inch over the cabbage leaf in Dr. Findlay's garden. I've just about come to the conclusion that it is not worth living. Who would wish to be a caterpillar and spend his days like this?" And the caterpillar groaned in disgust and looked up at the robin that sang a song from the topmost branch of a nearby tree.

"Cheer up! Cheer up!" said the robin as he piped from the apple tree. "I was not always able to fly around in the sunshine. Once I was wrapped up in a shell, where one might suppose I was doomed to spend my whole life, but the day came when I broke my shell and found myself with four others—brothers and sisters,—in a nest. My mother taught me to have faith that the great Creator would one day enable me to use my wings and fly for myself."

"But I have no wings," said the caterpillar. "A green caterpillar I was born and a green caterpillar I shall die."

At this the robin gave a long, long chirp. "But you will have wings," he trilled. "Only have faith and believe and you will be much happier. Some day you will be a butterfly!"

"What!" stammered the caterpillar in astonishment, "a butterfly? Me a butterfly?"

"Do you know what time of year this is?" asked the robin.

"Well, it's the Springtime," said the caterpillar.

"Yes, yes!" said the robin, "but I mean more than that! Don't you know it will soon be Easter-time?"

"Easter-time!" said the caterpillar. "What is Easter?"

"It's a great day with the big folk," said the robin. "I just listened in at the window of the minister's study and heard him tell his boy Davy that Easter was the time when the Lord of all life arose from the dead that all might live hereafter. The minister is going to preach on it one of these Sundays and I know he is trying to find a text for his sermon. Perhaps you will get your wings at Easter, my friend."

That afternoon the minister walked slowly around the garden enjoying the beautiful sunshine. Davy ran ahead of him. "Oh, daddy, daddy," he shouted, "come and see this ugly worm on the cabbage."

"Dear, dear," thought the caterpillar in alarm, "here's where I get hurt! I already feel very miserable. I wish I could go to sleep and forget my troubles."

"I'm sure you would not want to hurt the little green caterpillar if you knew what God can do to it," said the minister. "Let us take this cabbage, Davy, and place it with the caterpillar under the cucumber frame, and we will watch it for a few days and see what happens." Bending down, the minister raised the plant and placed it in the frame.

"I am going to die," wailed the little caterpillar, "I feel it, and the robin was wrong, and I don't know what the minister meant," and it wept as only caterpillars can weep!

Next time Davy came to the cucumber frame there was no green caterpillar on the cabbage plant, but down below there was a funny grey ball that Daddy said was a cocoon and the caterpillar was now taking a long sleep in his very, very wonderful little home-made bed.

Now Davy was curious. And Daddy was quite as anxious to see what would happen. Morning after morning these two visited the cucumber bed and Davy was beginning to think Daddy didn't know so much after all!

But would you believe! On Easter Morning Davy ran out very early and peeked in! Excitedly he rushed back to

the study, "Daddy, daddy, come quick! quick! there's a butterfly, a pretty butterfly, in the cucumber bed!"

Smiling quietly, the minister took his son's hand and both hurried into the garden. Sure enough, all that was left of the caterpillar was an empty shell where had once been a green body. In its place, poised on eager wings, was a joyous creature—a radiant butterfly, awaiting liberation.

"You see, Davy, what has happened to the 'ugly caterpillar,'" said the minister. "Within it, was concealed this beautiful butterfly which only God's eye could see and which only waited His touch and His time to be set free from its prison and to beautify His wonderful creation." Lifting the frame, the minister gently placed the butterfly on his son's hand, where it rested lightly. "There is your caterpillar, Davy, now a thing of beauty; and that, my boy, is what God will one day do for us: "It doth not yet appear what we shall be; but we know that, when He shall appear, we shall be like Him, for we shall see Him as He is."

And the butterfly, that was once a caterpillar, quivered in an ecstasy of joy as his wings vibrated in the sunlight of the Easter morning, and he soared away from davy's hand to a holly-hock that grew at the top of the garden. And the little robin in the apple tree, who had been a silent spectator all the time, burst into a song of joy that reached the very gates of Heaven. Davy clapped his hands and shouted with delight. And his father went back to his study sure that God had given him a text and a message for his Easter sermon.

Dear Father, we thank Thee, oh, so much, for the promise of a wonderful life to come. Help us to follow Thee that we may obtain it.

In Jesus' Name, Amen.

A BEAUTIFUL TRIP

Dear Boys and Girls:

Our text is St. John 11, 25: "I am the resurrection, and the life: he that believeth in Me, though he were dead, yet shall he live."

There was once a poor boy, a street Arab, in London, and one day he was run over by a dray which broke both his legs. He was laid in one of the beds at the hospital, to die, and another poor lad was allowed to lie down by the side of the suffering little fellow. He lay close to him and whispered, "Did you never hear about Jesus?"

"No, I never heard of Him," the boy replied.

So the other boy said, "I once went to a mission school and they told us that Jesus would take you to Heaven when you died, and you'd never hunger any more, and never have no more pain, if you axed Him."

"But I couldn't ax such a big gentleman. He wouldn't stop to speak to a boy like me."

"Oh, yes, He would, if you axed Him."

"But I don't know where He lives, and how can I get there when both my legs is broke?"

"Well, they told us at the mission school as how Jesus passes by. How do you know but what He might come round this hospital tonight? You'd know Him if you was to see Him."

"But I can't keep my eyes open and my legs hurt so awful bad,—Doctor says I'll die."

"Well, I'll tell you what to do, you hold up your hand, and He'll know what you want, when He passes by."

They got the hand up but it dropped for the third time. Bursting into tears, he said, "I'll have to give it up."

The other boy ran and fetched his own pillow, and propped the weak hand up against it, and when the nurse came round later on, the boy lay dead, his hand still held up for Jesus.

Then, too, there is the story told of a little girl in India who came to one of the mission schools where she learned that Jesus loved her. Soon after, she was taken sick and before she died her mother heard her say, "Satan don't you touch me. I am Jesus' little girl." Then she said, "For God so loved . . ." That's all her mother could recall to tell the missionary. But in Heaven they were glad to see Jesus' little girl.

So, boys and girls, Jesus has planned a beautiful trip for each one of us. It will be the happiest and the very best trip that any one has ever taken. It will be far better than any that you have ever had or expect to have in this world. Jesus wants everybody to let Him get them ready for this trip when he will take them to dwell with Him.

We must belong to Jesus. We must give Him our hearts, and ask Him to live in them and make them pure and clean. Then, we shall be getting ready each day for this beautiful trip.

Jesus once lived on earth and walked around as we do now, but after He died on the cross for us and was laid in the tomb, He came back to life and was then able to pass through the air without people seeing him. He told the people that loved Him that he would go and prepare a place for them and He would come back and all the dead people who loved Him would come to life as He did, and they would have the new garments too, and they would all go along with Jesus. The place that He will take us to will be far better and more wonderful than this world. We shall be so happy that we shall never, never want to leave it.

Do you want Jesus to take you on this trip? Just ask Him to get you ready. He knows just what you need. We do not know what day He may come, and so, boys and girls, we must be ready to meet Him.

Dear Lord, take first place in our hearts. Make them pure and clean. We pray that You will get us ready and keep us ready to go and live forever with You.

For Jesus' Sake, Amen.

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GOOD TIMBER

*The tree that never had to fight
For sun and sky and air and light;
That stood out in the open plain,
And always got its share of rain—
Never became a forest king,
But lived and died a scrubby thing.
The man who never had to toil,
Who never had to win his share
Of sun and sky and light and air,
Never became a manly man,
But lived and died as he began.*

*Good timber does not grow in ease;
The stronger wind, the tougher trees;
The farther sky, the greater length;
The more the storm, the more the strength;
By sun and cold, by rain and snows,
In tree or man, good timber grows.
Where thickest stands the forest growth
We find the patriarchs of both,
And they hold converse with the stars
Whose broken branches show the scars
Of many winds and much of strife—
This is the common law of life.*

—Anonymous.

LAUGH

*Build for yourself a strong box,
Fashion each part with care,
Fit it with hasp and padlock,
Put all your troubles there.
Hide therein all your failures
As each bitter cup you quaff;
Lock all your heartaches within it,
Then—sit on the lid and laugh.*

*Tell no one of its contents,
Never its secret share,
Drop in your cares and worries,
Keep them forever there.
Hide them from sight completely,
The world will never dream half;
Fasten the lid down securely,
Then—sit on the lid and laugh.*

—Author Unknown.

